# THE BRIDE OF PAN

Cloven hoofprints in the sand.
Music echoes from the glen.
If the secrets of ages you would learn,
You must offer your heart to Pan again.

Maiden Moon with hidden face
Beckons me to be his bride.
Now my journey begins in his embrace
And the Circle of Pan is opened wide.

Something ancient, something new,
Something borrowed, something black.
Tonight I'll become the bride of Pan,
And I'll never look back,
I love him.

Golden hoofprints in the snow.
Let the magic now begin.
If the joy of the spirit you would know
You must welcome the child who
dwells within.

Lord of the Dance, my Lord of Fire.
Something sacred, something wise.
Tonight I will meet my heart's desire
Reflected in his eyes.
I love him.

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Circle Network News Summer 1986